FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Wedding Knives. By 'S. B. MACKLEY. (Copyright, 1918, by the McChure Newspaper Syndicate.)

HEY were very beautiful—those delicate trifles of the ancient tollet of the seventeenth centary bride—the wedding knives of Mistress Anne Hogarth.

Margary Byers took them reverenteaths, and, running her fingers over the elaborately chased blades, and the quaint pears set handles, handed them to Stephen Palmer. The young physician turned them over curious

iy.
"So these pretty trinkets were necessary to the bridal toilet away back in the days of your grandmother anstress, Margie?" he remarked. "I ion't remember of ever reading of

"Why, don't you remember, Steve?" he cried. "Juliet wore them at her girdle when she was in the Friar's cell, and she had them on when she was about to take the sleeping po-

"What did they symbolize?" asked

"They had something to do with severing the knot of love, I believe," answered Margery vaguely, "anyway, whatever they meant, they were utiful things to wear."

beautiful things to wear.

"And you, Margie, I suppose you'll married?" wear these when you're married?" Palmer hesitated a little over his

When a girl has a well-defined, relative implanted idea of engaging herself when she gets to the seashore summer resort to a rich man she doesn't care for, but who is going to ask her to marry him—to see unex-pected love in the eyes of the man she'd like to marry, even though disapproved of by the relatives, is disconcerting. Margary turned away and replaced the trinkets in their places before she answered a bit trem-

"My-my wedding day is a long time off, most likely, Steve. I'm not quite twenty, you know."
"I-listen, Margie." Stephen tried

to keep his voice steady; "I want to

tell you something."
"Hurry, Margie," an impatient voice called from the next room. "Are you forgetting we have an engagement this evening?"

"I'm coming, mother," the girl answered. "Come down to the station tomorrow. Steve," she said in hasty goodby. "early. I'll go down a half hour before mother does, and we-we can talk before the train leaves."

But a man in a factory got himself cut up badly the next day an hour be fore Margery's train was to leave, and Palmer was called to hold life in him. There was not even time for telephoning Margery, and the letter of explanation he sent her was returned to him

When three weeks later Margery's ngagement to Elmer Troxell was announced Stephen worked so many extra hours at the hospital that the head

surgeon protested. In September the Byers family returned, and Palmer could not escape in the stomach and en in the stomach. Good digestion mean the accounts of the wedding that was to be one of the city's social events. A few days before the wedding, unable to deny himself the uncertain unhappiness of trying to catch a glimpso of the bride-to-be, he found himself sing the Byers house. As he went driving at a snail's pace, he heard frightened screams from within. He leaped fro mhis car. As he ran up the walk a terrified maid thrust open

"Oh, Dr. Palmer!" she cried, recog nizing him, "come in, quick!" Another one of the maids had fallen carrying a tray of glasses, and had cut her wrist. She was shricking in fear and clinging to Margery, who with a pencil and a handkerchief was twisting a tourniquet about the wounded arm, while the blood spattered her

lovely white dress.

"Come away, Margery," frowned a heavy browed man in a white serge costume, standing at a safe distance from the maid, as Palmer came for ward, "and let the man attend to ner It's his business-besides you're get ting your frock spoiled, and we were ready for our drive."

Margery shook off his hand. "Go away, Elmer!"—Palmer detected a note of dislike in her tone-"you are in Dr. Palmer's way. Never mind the

drive. I shall stay with Sophie."
As Troxell sulkily left the room his feot touched somthing lying on the rest something that tinkled, as with a murmur of disgust he shoved it aside. The next morning when Palmer re-

turned to the house to attend the in-jured maid he found her crying. "I'm not scared for myself, it's Miss Margie I'm worried about," she told him. "He—that man ain't fit for her anybody else. Miss Margie told him yesterday she was going to west or great grandmother's wedding nives maybe she's showed them to ou) at her wedding, and he got aw-ly mad—saked her how she would ob, standing up there in her bridal s, before all his friends with those absurd things dangling at her belt, like a housekeeper's keys! And he threw them on the floor, and when I came in with the tray I stumbled over

m and fell and cut my arm." Palmer paled as he listened, and bough he made no comment he had set his teeth to keep the words at came in his mind.

Two days later Palmer read the fol ing paragraph in the evening pa-

"Troyal Neglects to Get License," in the headline. "After being sup-sedly joined in matrimony at the it elaborate society wedding of the r at noon today, with both Rev. sert Clinton and Bishop Phelps of-sting, Miss Margery Byers and El-Trozell were informed by County Veal in the most matter-of-fac

Phelps, and the good prelate was begged to come to the house in an emergency situation. He did so, and when he reached the residence he was told the nerves of the bride were so shaken that the second ceremony would have to be deferred until the

For eight hours Stephen had thought her Troxell's wife, and she was not married—not married! An errand boy touched his elbow. "You're wanted at the telephone

doctor." "Is that Dr. Stephen Palmer?" the voice was trembling. "This is Margie Byers. Oh, Steve, come to the house right away. Come quick; I-I want

Palmer stumbled out to the street and hailed a cab. The maid, Sophie, her arm in a sling, let him in.

"Miss Margie wants to see you alone," she told him, and led him to a little upstairs room at the back of the As the door closed behind him something in a white dress flew to

"Oh, Steve, I want you to save me! Margery gasped. "They put it in the paper that I was so shaken the second mony would have to be deferred. but I've told father and mother I'm not going to marry him at all."

"Not marry him!" he echoed "No! Father, mother, everybody. thought it would be so fine for me, I agreed to many him. I never loved him, but that day he quarreled with me over wearing great-grandmother's wedding knives at my wedding (the day Sophie cuther arm) I knew I hated him. But I thought it was too late then. They talked to me until I was nearly crazy this afternoon when I told them my eyes were opened and I was thankful the license was forgotten. They said it would be a scandal to the family if I didn't marry him now, and they're set the hour for 8 in

the morning."
"Margie," the young man's lips were white, "did you send back my letter that I wrote to explain why I didn't come to the train the day you went to Bar Harbor?"

"I never received any letter," she faltered. "I looked and looked for it; then I thought you didn't care. Moth-

"But I did care—I do care—so much I don't dare advise you. I wanted to tell you that day—I wanted to tell

She looked up at him and her wet eyes began to shine. "Tell me now.
Stevie!" she cried softly. "Oh, Steve,!
it wouldn't be any scandal for you to let me run away with you and marry you tonight would it?"

At 7 o'clock the next morning the justice of the peace, just over the state line, stood before a tall young professional man holding the hand o a pretty girl, clad in a gray traveling suit of French design, and wearing r her belt her great-grandmother knives, and pronounced a ceremor that was binding and fast.

Where Most Sickness Begin and Ends

By FRANKLIN DUANE, M. D. It can be said broadly that most he man ills begin in the stomach and en bad health. The minute your stomach fails to properly dispose of the food you eat, troubles begin to crop out in various forms. Indigestion and dvspepsia are the commonest forms, but thin, impure blood, headaches, backaches, pimples, blotches, dizziness, belching, coated tongue, weakness, poor appetite, sleeplessness, coughs, colds and bronchtis are almost as comion. There is but one way to have good health, and that is to put and keep your stomach in good order. This is easy to do if you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dissovery. It is a wonderful tonic and blood purifier. and is so safe to take, for it is made of roots and herbs. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., stands behind this standard medicine, and it is good to know that so distinguished a physician is

proud to have his name identified with it. Whien you take Golden Medical Discovery, you are getting the benefit of the experience of a doctor whose putation goes all around the earth. Still more, you get a temperance medicine that contains not a drop of alcohol or narcotic of any kind. Long ago Dr. Pierce combined certain valuable vegetable ingredients — without the use of alcohol—so that these remedies always have been strictly temperance

If piles are torturing you, get and use Pierce's Anodyne Pile Ointment. The quick relief it gives is hard to be-lieve until you try it. If constipated, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken while using Anodyne Pile Ointment. Few indeed are the cases which these splendid remedies will not relieve and usually overcome They are so good that neary every drug store has them for sale.



"Thousands of lives may depend I followed Daddy's words with tensor upon your success, my dear," said Dad. interest and, I hoped, with underupon your success, my dear," said Dadstanding. I asked:

dy Lorimer as he took my arm and led

"Then, it isn't losing the cargo

ms to his favorite corner of the sun room. "Your trip has to do with our chemicals, of course. We're up against rotten luck with this shipment. We sent a cargo cast, but we found a bomb and the sun triple of th in the hold of our boat. We moved the ship to a port fifty miles away, and she was sunk at the dock. Now, we've got a new ship at a new point of departure. It's a long way from New York, my dear would hatter not seen a long way from New York, my dear would hatter not seen a long way from the state of the seen and the seek!" But, if you can carry my message to meet anyone you know on the trainthe right party, that blamed juice will say you are going to New York to buy be shipped aboard and the ship will clothes!" er get-a-way—and maybe I can get a night's sleep before long."

New York, my dear—you'd better not know where. We don't want to trust the new plan to wire, phone or mail ognized as a Lorimer employe. If you not have the new plan to wire, phone or mail ognized as a Lorimer employe. If you not have the trust that the same of the trust of the

"Me go east—to buy frocks in war is—?"
time? I'd be ashamed, Daddy Lon-"Ma

mer! I'm going to see the committee of the A. B. F. B. Permanent Blind Relief War Fund! Doesn't that sound

"It certainly does, my dear. That's a great idea. And if you don't botch this business, I'll send your war relief a check for \$5,000!"

"Daddy, you might just as well make out that check right now. I'll take it cret about the transportation of war along. It will show why I'm going ammunition into a Mother Goose of I need proof. When do I rhyme."

"Day after tomortow-on No. 6. You will put up at 'he new hotel-what's its name?—Victory! In the afternoon a man will phone and ask you to tea. You will accept. Over the ta ble, he will hand you one of my cards were at Frank Stevens last Sunday: a mate to this and on it will be scribbled in my handwriting, Where do we go from here?"

"Daddy, you're joking! No? Then what am I to reply to such nonsense?" "Nothing at all hard to remember, my dear." Davidy chuckled, how-cr, as if it were a great toke. "It's easy; but, remember, don't twist it. It you don't keep it straight, half a state may

go up in dust!" "Honestly, I feel sure of avself," I said eagerly. "And the message "Mary had a little lamb!"

of reproach. I thought he wit teas-ing me, and I was on the wrge of

"Dear child," he said quite sciemnly, "can't you see that nobody, especially no danged Teuton apr. would ever suspect that the worldamous Lorimer company would put a great se-

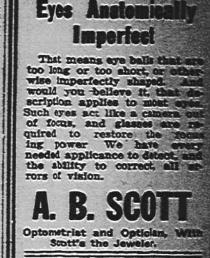
WHITE DAY,

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Turner and five children, of Victoria, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bunner and two children Mrs. Mary Keener and Ethel and Myrtle Keener, Lettie McCauler, Ka-Dell Stevens and Lester Fletcher were at L. P. Haun's last Sunday.

T. E. Watson, of Grafton, was visiting his uncle, G. W. Stevens, Saturday night and Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. John Kisner and little

son were at George Kisner's lat Sun-Ruth Bunner was at Sam Smyth's

one day last week. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Smyth and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stevens were at L. P.

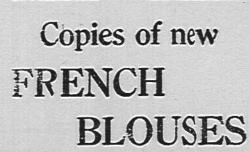




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AM DIS HEAH PLAC

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS-(WILBUR IS ON HIS WAY OVER THERE) BY ALLMAN.

